Threemosphere

Atmosphere

>>THREE!
>>We might hurt somebody..
>>No!
>>Don't do that...
>>No! No![Verse 1]
No! Don't do that, they don't deserve that
Look at 'em, they couldn't handle it, they nerves would collapse
Bag 'em up, sift 'em up, skinny boy lick the cut
No excuses needed, this ones wack, that one sucks
Don't even front like you've got close to balls in size
Your egos been planted, personafulsified
Everybody wanna score, aiming at an all time high
Shooting at the stars, tryna make 'em fall out the sky
The grey matter, waverunner, screamin' thoughts of anger at the world
From beneath this rock I stay under
Tonight's rain and thunder,
was brought to you in part by that same fuck that put the fear of the
Atmos. in your heart, now
Guess what I'm standin' (where?!), over the head
If you put a hand up you can fondle everything I said
And if I lose my patience, somebody's losin' they limbs
And getting left in this basement with the rest of these gimps[Chorus]
Atmosphere, don't front like you cant hear (4x)[Verse 2]
Go touch yo'self, and keep yo' dick from under your belt
Who the fuck you think HOLDS and CONTROLS over what you felt
You need way too much help, take a seat on the bench
Gonna teach you how to make sense, while i make my rent
If you can reach the fence, without kickin' a landmine
You get a piece of my mind, and the number to my fanline
No wonder your WACK, most of mankind is WACK
Can't nobody read that sign that says "there aint no turnin' back"
Step in the AT, you better be prepared to have a hobby to do
For when we through with your career submit a copy of them papers that
you think gave you the right to even come within a 100 yards of this mic
But here I am, breathe deep, count to ten
Keep the beat, locate the loose screws so I can pound it in
It's all SPREAD love, GET love, city to city
I aint mad at none a y'all, 'cause can't none a y'all can fuck wit me![Chorus] (4x)>>Keep goin on to..on on on
to..MINNEAPOLIS!!![Verse 3]

I'm on the Poverty Tour, wit Jay Bird, my man
Gettin' every wall sole across this desolate land
Estimates and expectations, get woken and cornered
Tryna strangle the stupidity, and choke its supporters
From this day forward, I'll be the voice that you wait for,
the one that you paid for, or the one that you hate more
Whether you drive a Ford, a tugboat or a skateboard
Put my tape on, open up, n face forward
'cause' when we land, anywhere near the mic stand
It can reason with the meaning of your lifespan
Motivation you've been waiting for to make a tight plan
Got you like I think that I can, yes I think that I can!
Well go ahead, take a sip, introduce us to yourself
Place us on your list of influences, ima live forever,
fuck bein' rich for seven years
>>Hello, I'm Slug and my crew is called....[Chorus] (2x)>>Three!

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